

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 1.—VOL. XII.]

JANUARY, 1868.

[PRICE 1½d.

THE MILESTONES OF TIME.

THE old year has set, and a new year has dawned. We have left behind us one more of the great milestones of time. Our earth has again completed its circuit of the sun. It has brought us one year further from our cradle—one year nearer to our grave; and its race is renewed with a vigour that knows no abatement, and we hasten to our goal. There is no pause in its noiseless revolution. One moment is as another to our planet in its course—that gentle course which "bears us soft with the smooth air along." But we, who are the subjects of time on its surface, are impressed by all those natural divisions of time which surround us—by the alternations of day and night, of sun and stars—by the changes of the moon, the ebb and flow of the tide, the succession of the seasons. The silent shadows by day, the solemn stars by night, preach to us by their procession; and as thought succeeds to thought within us, and heart and pulse beat away our lives, and the loved ones that grow up around us fall away—every moment and every hour, and every day and every month, we are reminded and admonished of that flight of time which bears us onward irresistibly to eternity.

It is the years, however, that are the great milestones of time—the sections of our allotted span by which we are most deeply impressed; and in that midnight moment when the old and new years meet and part—when "the changing year is dead, is born"—and the grey church tower sends forth the knell of the past, and the joy-bells hail the infant birth, the reflecting mind is filled with awe, and forced upon retrospect and examination, and moved to a sense of accountability and a renewal of virtuous resolution. And this feeling grows within us with our

growth, and increases and deepens with every milestone that we pass.

How different the aspect of these milestones in youth and age! In the outset of our journey the morning sun casts his beams on the waymarks, and they are bright with his early radiance; but after he has reached his meridian, "less and less white the stones appear." The shade is upon them as he declines to his departure and our day is ending. Yet in the evening time as in the morning there is light; and as the darkest cloud has its silver lining, our milestones are bright in the eye of retrospect—golden with the closing rays of heaven; unless, indeed, we have not read the lessons which we are sent into the world to learn, and sink below our earthly horizon with vain regrets over our misspent time—that time which is given to us by the Author of our existence for the work of life, and of which we cannot be too careful, and yet are apt to be only too careless, neglecting the performance of

"That task, which, as we follow or despise,
The oldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor."

The sense of time, the feeling of our temporary duration, the haunting consciousness of our fleeting existence, the reflection that we are but pilgrims on the earth as our fathers were, belongs to our race; and from its earliest syllable to its latest utterance the literature of the world is full of moralisings on the steady and increasing flow of the stream—that lapse of life, that current of the hour, which has flowed, and will continue to flow, uninterrupted, through the ages, and which slides away with a speed most apparent to those who look back. Men have written their homilies on every measurer of time, whether the measurement be made by the

running sand, or the stealing shadow, or "the kiss of toothed wheels;" and wherever the ashes of the dead have been laid to sleep, the moral of our transitory state has had its long reiteration. In every variety of expression the appeal of the village churchyard has been made to the soul of man:—

What's human life,
Where nothing long can stand?
Time flies, our glory fades,
And death's at hand.

The unlettered muse of the passing day is our monitor; and on pages venerable with age man is reminded how the hours glide by, and bear him on to decay and death; how the days run their course, with no rein to check their speed; how the years roll past, and can no more be recalled than the flowing wave.

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before:
In sequent toil all forwards do contend."

The movement is ever forward. Time rolls not as the tide. It has no ebb and flow. There is no returning on our steps. The milestones which we have once passed we shall see no more. Those that are beyond alone remain to us. Lost opportunities can never be regained. It is as Robert Hall has observed:—"The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward. Everything presses onward to eternity. From the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile Heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine." And to this enrichment we may all contribute—to those spoils we may all give our share. We may live as candidates for the divine election. We may so spend our lives on earth as to be in harmony with Heaven, and meet for those mansions which await the good and true:—"prepared for a change of life," like Mr. Standfast in the allegory, at whatever moment "the Master is not willing that we should be so far from Him any longer."

We may prepare ourselves for our change, or we may not—our "minutes,

hours, days, weeks, and years" may be "passed over to the end they were created," or wasted as a prodigal runs through his patrimony—we may pass our last milestone with as little thought as we passed our first; but whether our present life be made a preparation for the life to come or not, the call of the Master will be heard, and we must stand in His more immediate presence for our award. If, then, we have been indifferent in the past—if we have been thriftless stewards of our time—if we have frittered away our most precious heritage—let the season that is now with us solemnise our thoughts, and inspire us with resolutions of reformation. On the coming Sabbath the sacred song will be rising from a thousand lips in our houses of prayer and praise—

"Another fleeting year is gone;
In solemn silence rest; my soul,
Bow down before His awful throne
Who bade the years and seasons roll."

But in vain shall we bow down if we are disobedient children. If the years and seasons which He gives us are misapplied—if our years be squandered and our seasons be not improved—if we are idle and unprofitable servants—if we bow not down before His laws, but despise His commandments, the penalties of our disloyalty will pursue us in time and in eternity. On the threshold, therefore, of another year, let us begin to amend our lives, thankful that we serve not a hard Master, but one who will receive our service in the evening of life, though its morning may have been trifled away, and its meridian hours dissipated in indolence and folly. The moments that are gone, inestimable as they were, are irrecoverable; they have been carried to our account, and the record cannot be amended a tittle or a jot; but the unwritten pages may be more profitably filled. "The coming hours," as the Rev. James Martineau has said, "are open yet, pure and spotless receptacles for whatever you may deposit there; pledged to no evil, secure of no good; neither mortgaged to greedy passion nor given to generous toil. There they lie on non-existence still, ready to be organised by a creative spirit of beauty, or made foul with deformity and waste. Perhaps it is this thought, this secret sense of moral contingency, that gives so simple a thing as the beat of a

pendulum, or the forward start of the finger on the dial, a solemnity beyond expression. The gliding heavens are less awful at midnight than the ticking clock. The noiseless movement, undivided, serene, and everlasting, is as the flow of divine duration, that cannot affect the place of the eternal God. But these sharp strokes, with their inexorably steady inter-sections, so agree with our successive thoughts, that they seem like the punctual stops counting off our very souls into the past—the flitting messengers that dip for a moment on our hearts, then bear the pure or sinful thing irrevocably away; light with mystic hopes as they arrive, charged with sad realities as they depart. So passes, and we cannot stay it, our only portion of opportunity. The fragments of that blessed chance, which has been travelling to us from all eternity, are dropping quickly off. Let us start up and live. Here come the moments that cannot be had again: some few may yet be filled with imperishable good.”

Let us so fill them, and make time our friend. Every grain of sand that measures off our days will be then a witness of our wisdom: it will assist in building up those steps by which we climb from earth to heaven. And the upward road will become easier as we rise; and, mounting higher and higher, we shall cease to look back with longing eyes on a loitering past. The virtuous employment of time—its dedication to the service of God and man—its faithful use in the performance of our daily duties, will become a source of inward delight and satisfaction; and if length of days be ours, “it will bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.” Improving the time which He has given to us—spending it as in the sight of Him who is invisible—we need be troubled by no controversies of theologians, but leave ourselves with calm confidence in the hands of our Father, “who doeth everything wisely and well.”

The Apostle, addressing the scattered Christians as strangers and pilgrims, and reminding them that “all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass”—the grass which withereth, and the flower that fadeth away—solicits them to refrain from evil, to do good, and to seek peace, and asks that question in which a world of comfort lies for the faith-

ful disciple:—“Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?” God will not harm us, and none else can; and truly happy shall we be—happy will be this good new year—if we journey on from this last milestone of time in such a course of life that we can feel encouraged by remembrances of the inquiry of Peter. Let us ever consider that we are but wanderers here. This is not our home. We are but sojourners on earth—wayfarers in a strange land. We have no continuing city here, but look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, and over whose portals is written in letters of gold, “Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city.”

NEW YEAR IN CHINA.

IN the Celestial Empire on the 23rd of December (the Chinese months have alternately 29 and 30 days), the inhabitants thus arrange their rooms:—Upon each side they place two lighted candles, called *teke*; in the centre a silver vase, *heantua*, filled with ashes; upon its top are placed three perfumed matches, which shed rich odours around. Before this the Chinese kneel and offer prayers.

The 24th and 25th days are set apart for cleaning the house and ornamenting it with *new decorations*.

The 26th every one buys fruits, cakes, five bowls of rice, coloured red, blue, maroon, yellow, and green.

The 27th each one goes to the field to cut cypress branches, destined to be burned on New Year's Day. Red paper with the words “*Taki, Tali*,” which signify happiness, felicity, is glued upon all the doors; two painted genii ornament the centre of the entrance gate.

They prepare a pastry, which they arrange in bunches of a dozen grains; into each grain they put some of the fruit of the jujube, steaming the whole over boiling water.

The 28th and 29th, above a table garnished with fruits is hung a tablet, upon which are traced the names of all the members of the family; placed upon some piece of furniture is a little stick, upon which are printed “*Taki, Tali*.” We shall see how this is used.

Upon the 29th the garments for the

feast are prepared, and it is easy to see from the lights sparkling through the streets that everybody is busy, and many watching into the night.

At three in the morning, dressed in the robe called *pau-tsse*, one takes the little stick, opens the door, and throws it out into the court-yard. They return into the house, find a lighted candle, and go again into the court, where, upon a table already set, they find a roast pig and roast chicken, and a little pot, the use of which will be seen by and by.

Two candles burn on either side; with a wisp of straw they set fire to the cypress trees which had been brought the day before; the flame quickly spreads to the branches, which blaze and crackle, and scatter millions of sparks on every side. When the wind has consumed these they take the little pot and place in it the three perfumed torches, which burn slowly, filling the air with their incense.

This is the solemn moment of prayer. Throwing themselves upon their knees, all the household ask of heaven, from the very bottom of their hearts, happiness for themselves and those they love. This service concluded, they desire nourishment, and a pastry filled with delicate meats, and called *tsao chin*, is partaken of.

Then every one goes out to salute his neighbours, inclining the head almost to the earth, as is their custom.

It is a happy day for every one, particularly for the children. Their pockets are filled with toys, cakes, little oranges, and also enclosed in a box of red paper, very carefully put up, are fifty pieces of brass money.

They all go to the pagodas, and joy animates the assembled throng. The family reunions continue till the 5th of January. Then all things resume their usual course, but, at the customary close of the *fête*, upon that day, at two o'clock in the morning, every master of a house takes a basket and places in it the cinders, a candle, and perfumed torch, carries it into the street, and there, upon bended knees, empties it, and returns to his house without looking behind him. Should any one forget this last condition and cast the backward glance, it would be a presage of evil for the coming year.

RESULTS OF MORAL COURAGE.

OUR American brethren have been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Dr. Channing. They do well to keep the memory of so good and brave a man before them. The results of the moral honesty of Channing and his few friends, fifty years ago, have been marvellous. A North American paper said, a few weeks ago, "Probably one-third of the intelligent people of the Northern States are Unitarian or Universalist to-day." The beginning of this good work we shall now lay before our readers.

It was not until the year 1812, after Channing had been for ten years established in his ministry at Boston, that the Unitarian controversy was for the first time started in America. The orthodox dissenters, for some time past, had been growing less and less fettered in their opinions, and although the word Unitarian was not in use in America, here and there a thoughtful student had become aware that these were his opinions, and many more were Unitarians without knowing it. The same change was taking place among the preachers as among the hearers. Anti-trinitarian doctrines were already clearly and plainly taught in all the ten Congregationalist churches in Boston, and of these churches Channing's was one. This state of affairs very naturally drew down the blame of the more orthodox sects around; while on the other hand the earnest bigotry of the orthodox party brought Channing and his brother ministers to the more decided preaching of their own views. A series of attacks in the periodical papers of the one side called into being a magazine to support the opposite side. This magazine, which was soon to be known as the first Unitarian paper in America, was the *Christian Disciple*, first begun in 1812. In its pages Channing and several other able writers boldly attempted to encourage free inquiry and to set forth their religious opinions.

Thus for a short time both sides continued growing warm, when all was suddenly thrown into a blaze by the appearance of some hostile papers in the *Panoplist Review* denouncing the whole body of liberal ministers in Boston, together with their congregations, as being

nothing more nor less than Unitarians. This was in the year 1815, only two years after William Smith's bill for toleration to Unitarians passed in England. Freedom of opinion had not continued punishable by law to so late a date in America; but the customs of society forbidding men to differ from their neighbours were as strong at Boston at this time as they could well be anywhere. Channing's answer to the hostile attack, which he published in the *Christian Disciple*, shows the courage with which the onset was met, the manliness with which he and his friends were prepared to come forward to the new duty set before them, and at the same time shows the unwillingness they had to raise up these questions, their endeavours to keep matters quiet, the newness of the controversy to their minds, with all the little difficulties attending it.

The name Unitarian was the first obstacle. It was but twenty years since it had come into use in England; when Priestley and Belsham, venturing out in the first lull of the storms of intolerance, had publicly declared themselves against the Trinity, and had brought down a torrent of ill feeling upon their heads. Therefore when the word Unitarian first went over to America it was associated with the names of these writers, and it was easily supposed to imply, over and above its simple meaning, opinions of the cast of Priestley and Belsham. Channing's answer to the charge above mentioned shows as much anxiety to disprove that he and his friends were Unitarians of the Belsham school, as to speak in defence of their own position.

Nor was the work of controversy, when it first unexpectedly offered itself to them, more welcome than the name. This same answer of Channing's to the *Panoplist Review* explains that he and his brother ministers had been in the habit of preaching precisely as if no such doctrine as the Trinity had ever been known; that they had followed a system of excluding controversy as much as possible from their pulpits; they all agreed in thinking it best to preach the truth, and to say very little about error—words which called forth the ready question from their opponents, whether the Apostles avoided controversy and never attempted to refute error.

But the urgency of the moment put a speedy end to all fencing with words and splitting of hairs. The heaviest of the charges made by the hostile review was that this large body of Boston churches had been guilty of concealing their opinions under false colours, and the writer calls upon all true Christians to come out and to separate themselves from these Liberals. This was an imputation of untruthfulness that was not to be borne. It is noticeable that the attacked party quietly adopted the name that had been flung at them as a reproach, and the churches were thenceforward called Unitarian Congregational; a name that was followed all over the United States.

The position of Channing and his friends was wholly changed by this short outburst against them, nor was the breach to be healed up. The warfare continued for years, yet no mere clash of weapons with the world outside, but a vigorous and thorough research into their own opinions, and an uprooting of the orthodox errors around them. Channing's tracts and sermons of this date show how heartily he himself accepted the gauntlet thrown down to him. See among his works, "Objections to Unitarian Christianity Considered," and especially one of the most important of his sermons—the discourse on the ordination of the Rev. Jared Sparks—headed "Unitarian Christianity." Soon after this time there was held a public discussion between two of the Boston ministers—the one Unitarian and the other Orthodox—on the comparative moral tendency of Unitarian and Trinitarian doctrines; and Channing's mind, no less than the minds of his fellow ministers, seems to have been much turned in this direction towards opposing unworthy views of God, and considering the practical influence of right views of religion. His MSS. of this time afford noble passages on man's capacities for virtue, on the greatness of human nature, and on the force of moral purpose, as the power whose exercise above all other gives happiness to our lives. Years afterwards, looking back to this time of controversy, Channing wrote, "The times required that a voice of strength and courage should be lifted up, and I rejoice that I was found among those by whom it was uttered and sent far and wide."—E.S.

A VISION.

MANY years ago I was very sick—sick, as physicians and friends supposed, unto death.

On a certain day—I remember it well—friends and acquaintances would come and look at me, then turn away. From all the proceedings I surmised that they thought death was near.

By and by the physician came in. After looking at me very gravely for a few moments, and asking my attendants a few questions, he went into an adjoining room; there I heard a friend ask him almost in a whisper if he thought I could live. He answered, "All I can say is, while there is life there is hope; but I think one hour will decide whether she lives or dies."

All this I heard with calmness; life was sweet to me, but I did not rebel. I knew that if I died it was my Father's will that it should be so, and I had no particular fear of dying, only of the death agonies.

Soon I became faint and pressed for breath. Friends fanned me and bathed my brow; but ere long I lost all consciousness of their presence. Then I seemed to be walking over green fields, or rather floating, the motion was so effortless, with one by my side who was clothed in spotless white. The temperature of the air was delightful, no scorching sun or chilly winds to mar its grateful influence.

After travelling what seemed but a short distance, we came to a dark and sullen river, so dark that the waters appeared almost black, and it seemed turbulent and angry.

As we neared the margin my guide spoke and said, "Mortal, this is the river of death; we must cross here, and then you will be with the loved who have gone before you." But I said, "O, no, I cannot cross." Then he told me to look on the other side, and see the friends that were there awaiting me. I looked; they were beckoning for me to come, but I told my guide I could not go, I was afraid.

Then at my other side I heard a sweet voice saying, "Fear not, for I am with thee; though you pass through the valley of the shadow of death you need fear no evil, for my rod and my staff shall com-

fort thee." As he took my hand all fear had vanished, and with him I stepped into the water. Strange to tell, my feet were no sooner immersed than it became clear as crystal, and I walked to the other side, fearless and happy.

As I stepped upon the opposite bank, friends I had loved on earth clustered around to greet and welcome me to the land of the blest.

After conversing with them and roaming about viewing this beautiful country, surely, I thought, I have found that "peace which passeth understanding."

While I was congratulating myself upon the happy exchange I had made, he who passed through the waters with me said, "Mortal, when on the other side I told thee not to fear, you had faith to believe; now when I tell thee that thy mission on earth is not finished, and you must return thither; you must exercise the same faith; you have only had a foretaste of the joys that await those who do their duty on earth."

I did not remonstrate or rebel; sadly I turned to leave, but I could not suppress a groan. As I gave it utterance I became conscious of the presence of earthly friends.

I could not realise what it meant until I heard the physician say, "The crisis is past; I think she will now live; but she must be kept very quiet." Then I said, "What is it? what's the matter?" and they answered, "Nothing, only you fainted; but you mustn't talk now."

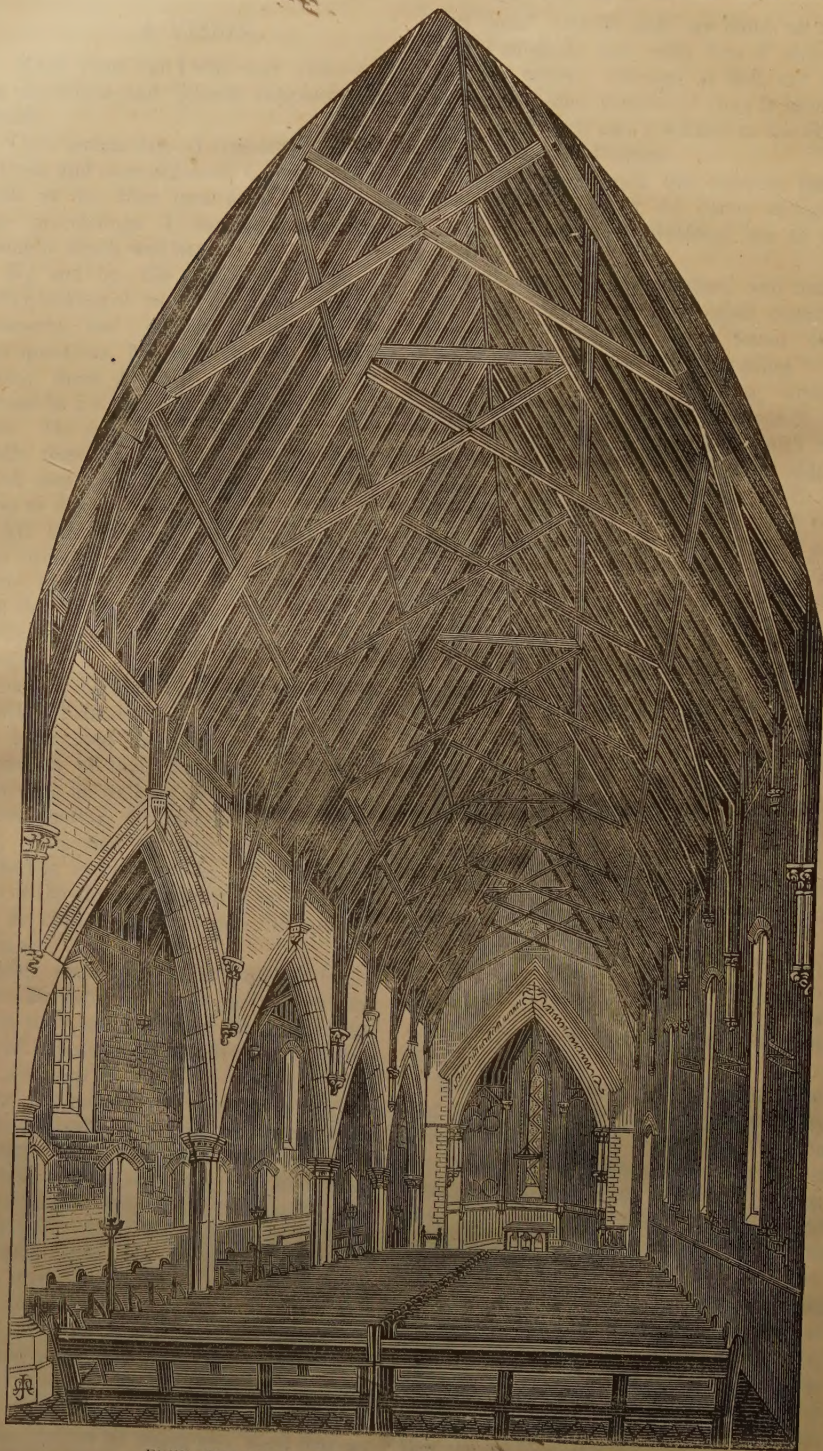
To them it was nothing, "only I fainted;" to me it was a glimpse of the land of the immortals; a foretaste of the joy that awaits those who faithfully perform their duties on earth.

Many times since then I have been sad and weary, trying to perform my earthly duties; I have thought my burden too heavy to be borne; then that sweet assurance would cheer my heart, "Fear not, for I am with thee," and I would seem to receive renewed strength to do my Father's will.

O, ye houseless and homeless ones on earth, look aloft, be brave and fearless of heart. Do good as you have opportunity, and remember the promise of One who has said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

ANNIE PHILLIPS.





FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON.

FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

KENTISH TOWN, LONDON.

DURING the present year we intend that eight of our illustrations shall be of recently-built Unitarian chapels, and four of them of our more ancient churches. We are happy to know the prospects of our faith are more promising now than at any past period of history. All over the world the movements of thoughtful men and the agitation among Christian churches bespeak dissatisfaction with the present state of theology. Indeed, we wonder that so much Paganism can still be mixed up with the teaching of Christian ministers. The Rev. W. Fosster, the minister and founder of the church under notice this month, rescued himself and many others about a dozen years ago from the popular theology, and, with the help of the Unitarians of this country, built his commodious chapel. Many of us were sorry it was not called a "Unitarian church." Nevertheless, it has been eminently useful, and has been the instrument already of a second church of Unitarians in that part of London. There is abundant room for a many more divisions of our churches in this great city, and we trust our people will begin to recognise the duty of opening more buildings for the worship of the One true and living God, and sincere discipleship to Jesus Christ. Mr. Forster opened this building on the 5th of July, 1855. The total cost—being upwards of four thousand guineas—has all been paid. In his opening address Mr. Forster spoke in strong terms of the courtesy and generosity with which he had received help in different parts of the United Kingdom. The site on which the chapel is built is 100ft. by 65ft., bounded on all sides by the gardens of the neighbourhood. The only approach is from the Clarence-road by an avenue 15ft. wide and 100ft. long. The style of the building is early English. It will accommodate 600 persons. The entrance we have referred to is under a gateway of rather large proportions of red brick, with stone dressings, surmounted with a stone cross. As this church has only been open a few years it has yet to create a history of its own. May its annals, one hundred years hence, be as noteworthy and interesting in the cause of truth, righteousness, and freedom, as some of those churches we have already noticed.

TEN POINTS OF DIFFERENCE.

In the following I shall present statements briefly contrasting my own theological views with the current popular "orthodoxy." I prefer to speak in the first person, on account of the diversities of opinion existing (most amicably, however), in our Unitarian fellowship, pledged, as it is, to a broad-thoughted, large-hearted liberality. Disclaiming thus the right to speak for others, I nevertheless avow my confident conviction that the opinions given below as my own express substantially the belief prevailing among Unitarian Christians everywhere. And in the statements I make concerning the common Trinitarian belief I neglect the points of difference among the various "orthodox" denominations, singling out only those doctrines in which they all agree.

My object is not to *argue* (except incidentally), but to *state*.

I. "Orthodoxy" represents God as existing in *three persons*, who are yet but *one* God. These three persons are the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—each eternal, each a conscious personality, each infinite in physical and moral attributes, such as power, wisdom, holiness, mercy, truth—each entitled to whatever can be declared of the word of "God," and, altogether, *only* one God. The term can be used of each in turn and of all collectively, so that I may say the Father is God with all the attributes of God, the Son is God with all the attributes of God, and the Holy Spirit is God with all the attributes of God, and yet there is but one God—the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Each may be worshipped as very God, and all three are to be worshipped as the One God.

I believe, in the words of the apostle Paul, that "to us there is but one God the Father"—the supreme, only object of adoration; that the doctrine of the Trinity, as the view just given is called, cannot be stated in Bible language, and gradually grew up in the Church from Greek and Oriental metaphysics; that the existence and perfection of the adorable God, in one person, the Father, is clear, simple, biblical, true, spiritual, practical.

II. The popular theology views Jesus Christ as a being made up of two natures, united in one person, that is, in one consciousness, one will; one nature infinite and divine, the other finite and human;

one, the second person in the Trinity, existing from all eternity, the other nature human, limited, commencing in time. *He* (mark the word *he*, which implies personality), is infinite and finite, mortal and yet deathless; knew all things, yet could say, "no man knoweth the hour, not even the Son, but the Father only;" *he* was the eternal God, yet was born of a human mother; *he* created the world, yet died the death of the cross on Calvary.

I believe that, while all men are sons of God, Jesus Christ was pre-eminently THE "Son of God;" the chosen and best beloved Son in moral likeness to, and spiritual sympathy with, the one God, the universal Father; the Son in the greatness of his mission, the glory and completeness of his moral character. In him I see reflected the attributes of the Infinite God, acting on a finite scale. He is to me the type of perfected human nature—the being who, by the power of his life and death, helps mankind up toward his own level. He is, in my view, the Mediator, not as standing between God and man, and acting an official part, but as allowing all of God morally to manifest himself through him; the glory of the infinite and paternal God, beaming in the softened light of humanity. As to his rank in the realm of being there are wide differences of opinion among Unitarians, but for myself I do not hesitate to say, I believe him to have been the son of Joseph and Mary, and the doctrine of his miraculous conception, gradually growing up as legend in the age succeeding his wonderful life, to have attached itself to the fragmentary biographies of him in "Matthew" and "Luke."

III. The popular theology insists, I suppose without, on the native total depravity of mankind, how variously soever explained. I understand it to assert that man is averse from, and unable to do, any good thing, till regenerated by the power of the Divine spirit; thoroughly and totally corrupt by nature in motive and in act, and that sin is an infinite evil, whose penalty is eternal suffering.

I believe the phrase "native depravity" (I care not how defined) to be a contradiction in terms, for no being is blameable for what he cannot help, and total depravity to be about as false a doctrine as can be in fact and in philosophy. The amount of sin in the world (and by *sin* I mean the

conscious, voluntary doing what the doer believes to be or might have ascertained to be *wrong*) is indeed fearfully great. Sin is a condition of human discipline and education. Frail, imperfect man, to attain to what God has destined for him, must pass through its momentous trial. Pascal expressed it all when he said, "Oh the grandeur and the littleness, the excellence and the corruption, the majesty and the meanness of life." Inherited *propensities*, who can deny? Inherited *guilt*, how can it be believed? Self-love is a natural, and therefore commendable principle; the *excess* of self-love is *selfishness*, which is sin. To rightly *proportion* the various elements of our nature is the work of life. Sin is the not attempting this, or but partly attempting; more or less culpable as the case may be, never quite irremediable.

IV. The atonement "orthodoxy" regards as an act, which is the only procuring means of salvation, rescuing the believer in it from eternal torment, which were else his doom. I think I do not misrepresent the opinions of any one of the prevalent sects in stating that, by their theology, those who die in infancy, inheriting as they do a corrupt and totally depraved nature, are saved from perdition in a future world only by the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ. So encompassed by embarrassing objections is this doctrine, which is nevertheless the corner stone of the "orthodox" faith, that a multitude of theories and explanations have been put forth to relieve and rationalise it. Common to all is the belief that the human race has incurred the penalty of endless woe on account of sin, and by no unaided efforts of its own can escape this doom. The death of Jesus Christ is a divine expedient for the rescuing man from this deserved fate, while saving the justice and honour and truth of God. Hence a person of the eternal three in the Godhead becomes united with a being of human birth and experience, who expires at length in the agonies of the cross to reconcile God to man. Some say Jesus Christ suffered and died only as a man; others say he suffered as God. Some regard his death as a literal sacrifice to appease the Father; others view his crucifixion as a scenic exhibition of God's wrath against sin, and the whole plan of atonement as a governmental scheme for self-vindication. It is

a penalty paid, a debt discharged, a satisfaction exacted, or a conflict of divine attributes harmonised. Christ's holiness is imputed to believers; their sins are imputed to him. He suffers the agony due to them for ever and ever, and so God's justice is satisfied and he can forgive (how "forgive," when the debt has been already paid, I have never seen explained). All agree in saying that Christ's death had a reconciling effect on the mind of God, and that those who are saved are saved by the procuring virtue of what Christ has endured and done for them.

Both which assertions I absolutely deny. God never required appeasing; his very nature is Love. He needed to have no way opened in order to pardon; the way was always open. His justice and mercy demanded no harmonising, for they were never at even so much as *constructive* variance. Christ's death had no special efficacy, no isolated office. It was the crowning sacrifice of his disinterested, devoted life, for the good of men. And whatever of saving efficacy is in the life, work, sufferings and death of Jesus is wrought *upon* and *within* the heart, has no substitutional, sacrificial, in fine *purchasing* power *over* and *for* us, but a touching, persuading, winning, converting power on the opened and sympathising mind and heart of erring, estranged, frail, sinful man. I lack words to express my sense of the incoherence, irrationality, and general *shockingness* of the common view of the atonement. Sin and holiness are untransferable, penalty cannot be substitutional, and in none of God's works in nature can we find a hint of anything so confused, awkward, incongruous, out of the divine style (so to speak), as this whole scheme, elaborated, I would say in passing, in the thick darkness of the dark ages. Christ's work is to reconcile man to God, not God to man, and he does this by revealing and illustrating God's tender, patient, parental, forgiving, all-comprehending, unwearied love. The spectacle on Calvary was no signal of the reversal of the condition of a part of a doomed and helpless world, but "I, if I be lifted up," said Jesus, "will draw all men unto me." And he is doing it; the blessed work is ever going on.

V. *Regeneration*, by the prevailing theology, is the supernatural moving of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of man, by

which he is instantaneously rescued from the ranks of those who are exposed to unending misery, and enrolled in the number of those to whom, through Christ's merits, eternal bliss is promised.

Regeneration is, in my view, the changing from irreligiousness to practical religiousness, by whatever means brought about, and whether by rapid or gradual steps. And it saves a man in that he becomes better, and thus more blessed. In its nature it is eminently rational and practical, and is the result of co-operation of the spirit of man with that spirit of God whose breathings on the human soul are never entirely suspended. Enthroning Christianity as the rule of life is regeneration.

VI. The current "orthodoxy" limits probation to this life and makes the condition of the soul in a future state of existence one of fixed and perfect and eternal joy on the one hand, or, on the other, of unutterable woe, for ever and ever, world without end. These fleeting earthly years, so infinitesimally few and brief, and so crowded with ignorance and imperfection, are the irrecoverable probation-time, dismissing innumerable millions on millions to a state of immitigable anguish as unending as the future eternity of God himself.

While to state such a doctrine is to refute it, I will only say that, not denying a probationary character to every period of our being, I regard the more suitable term for life to be *disciplinary* or *educational*. It is impossible for me to believe that the eternal destiny of all spirits is suspended on the volitions and actions of this veriest infancy of their being. Every period of life is probationary and preparatory to those which follow, and I believe that it will be so hereafter, not less than here. Death is but an incident, an early incident of man's existence, and God, who is love, who sees the end from the beginning, who fills all time, all worlds, eternity itself, whose Providence is all-comprehending, whose mercy is unwearied, is leading on, *educating*, ruling, over-ruling for his own wise and kind purpose for ever and ever; and no creature he has made will he leave abandoned and finally undone.

VII. The *Bible* is regarded by the popular Trinitarian belief as the infallibly inspired oracle of absolute truth, the cor-

rectness of all whose teachings, from the opening chapter of Genesis to the final word of the Book of Revelation, must be unwaveringly believed and inflexibly maintained. It is habitually spoken of as THE "Word of God."

The Bible is to me a book made up of many books, of a great variety of character, written under great diversities of circumstances and culture, with the evident traces of human opinions on a multitude of topics, in connection with the noblest and most resplendent spiritual truths, so immeasurably in advance of their age as to indicate a divine inspiration. History, biography, poetry, and drama are scattered through its many pages, imparting moral lessons of unequalled value and richness. It shuts us not up to the belief in a completed and oracular infallibility, an endowment it neither possesses nor claims. With very unequal merits in its different portions, it is the "autobiography of human nature from its infancy to its perfection," and its crowning excellence is in the glimpses it gives us of the Divine Man, whose transcendent life is, and is ever to be, for the nourishment and growth of humanity. So would I read it, discriminatingly, reverentially, gratefully, but not allowing it to seal up the understanding against ever unfolding and developing religious truth.

VIII. And this leads me to remark that in the ordinary theological treatment of it, *reason* is alternately patronised and discarded. Against Romanism and its dogmas and rites the popular Protestantism uses reason with uncompromising energy, vehemence, and ridicule, allowing the claim of no self-styled infallible church as interpreter of an infallible Bible. But to free inquiring criticism, philosophy, and science, this same Protestantism utters deprecations and warnings against blind and false and proud and misleading human reason, and throws itself back for absolute truth on an assumed infallible Book, though interpreted by fallible men.

I believe in the sufficiency and final authority of reason, using, of course, all the helps of Bible, Church, history, criticism, and science, of which it can avail itself. Say what any man or all men will of the poverty and fallibility of reason, it is all we have to go by, even in ascertaining the inspiration of the Bible. Whatever is plainly irrational we are not bound

to believe, wherever we may meet with it. To me Jesus Christ is the great authority in religious matters, because, having carefully examined his religion, I find it coincident with the highest reason of which I know.

IX. "Orthodoxy" preaches a resurrection of the material body—a dogma I reject as being neither scriptural nor rational, but utterly inadmissible and confusing. It looks for a future visible coming of Christ in the sky to hold an assize of the universe, the Judge awarding to the awakening and arising myriads of the dead an eternity of bliss, or shutting up in a fiery, everlasting prison. I believe in his figurative coming in the early Christian age, when Jerusalem was destroyed and the new religion, liberated from Jewish entanglements, became universal. I believe in his spiritual coming again and again, the enthronement of his truth as the rule of moral award in the conscience of the world through the ages. With no dramatic pomp, no sounding trumpet, no rending tombs and awakening dead does he come to judgment, but in the secrecy of the individual soul, in the "power and great glory" of his widening, purifying, and elevating truth and love.

X. Faith is, in the common view, the believing with a realising confidence in the Trinity, human depravity, the all-sufficiency of the vicarious atonement, eternal retribution, and the infallible inspiration of the whole of the Bible—and salvation (deliverance from sin and particularly its eternal torments) results from this belief. Whoso believes not thus in Christ "must everlastingly perish."

Faith in Jesus is, I maintain, no adhesion to any array of dogmas, mysterious or otherwise, but sympathy with him in the whole spirit of his words and works. He who has this faith is saved—delivered, that is, from the worst mental and spiritual miseries, here and hereafter; he who believeth not is damned (the correct translation of the original Greek word is *condemned* or *judged*), left, that is, to grope in the blindness and misery, the broodings, the repinings, the bitterness, the rebellion or the discouragement and despair of sin. Christ came to bring light and life. *Believe*, that is, *trust*, and be saved. Dogmas cannot save. *His spirit of life* can.

It will not improbably be said by some

who read these words,—we cannot believe that the doctrines above recited are all maintained by the dominant sects. Certainly we have seldom or never heard them brought prominently or emphatically forward in their pulpits. There is a softening of the old tenets, a growing liberality of opinion, and, after all, less discrepancy than you suppose between their views and your own. To which I reply, all these articles are to be found in the confessions of faith of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist churches. Whatever suppression or softening of obnoxious tenets may be enforced in their pulpits by the power of a growing liberalism and the imperious demands of policy, the tenets themselves are all there. And let a clergyman in one of these denominations dare to question, *in public*, the truth of the Trinity, the Godhead of Christ, the vicarious atonement, the infallibility of the Bible or eternal hell torments, his official decapitation, by an ecclesiastical court-martial, would be sure speedily to follow.

Reader, which series of these contrasted views appears the more simple and reasonable? Which would seem to have the more faith in the Fatherly love of God? Which presents the more hopeful and cheering view of human life and human destiny? Which is the less likely to be leavened with a grim and jealous exclusionism? Which is apparently the more in accordance with what science, in its every department, is yearly making known? Which invites and encourages the more free, wide-reaching, and fearless inquiry? Which the more enlarges the mind and expands the sympathies? Which gives the wider sweep and more noble realm to religion? I ask not which has the more terrors and the more raptures, and abounds the more in startling and agonising and immediately telling effects. But which finds the more fit place in the grand, even if slow, quiet, gradual, but in the end far more beneficial work of *educating* man in the broadest and noblest sense of that word?

Time is preparing the answer to these questions; I fearlessly anticipate its replies. "I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say."—*W. C. Tenney.*

MEMORIES.

I HAVE a memory to-night,
Musing beside my hearth,
Drawing my heart by its magnet sweet,
From the common things of earth.

I have a memory to-night,
Alone in the firelight dim;
Visions of bygone days of joy
Before my sad eyes swim.

I have a memory to-night
Of a childish upturned face,
Stamped on the inner page of my heart,
That time can ne'er erase.

I have a memory to-night
Of the patter of little feet,
A voice rings through the empty rooms
In a childish carol sweet.

I have a memory to-night
Of warm lips pressed on mine,
Content with me till he felt the kiss,
And followed the voice Divine.

I have a memory to-night
Of my lost one's evening prayers;
How soon, little soul, you followed their flight
Up to the waiting stars.

I have sad memories to-night,
Stretching out empty arms—
O! happy mothers, in sunny homes
Surrounded with childlike forms;

You have no yearning memories yet
Of that which once has been;
You hear no echo of little feet
That never will come again.

I have sweet memories of yore
That I would not blot away—
Your mother-love binds you nearer earth,
Draws closer day by day.

But I am drawn by my darling's love
Up heaven's shining track,
And though I follow his steps alone,
I would not call him back.

H. EVANS.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.—1st, I resolve, by the grace of God, to be more watchful over my temper; 2nd, not to speak rashly or hastily; 3rd, to watch over my thoughts, not to indulge in vain, idle, resentful, impatient, worldly imaginations; 4th, to strive after closer communion with God; 5th, to let no hour pass without lifting up my heart to Him through Christ; 6th, not to let a day pass without some thought of death; 7th, to ask myself every night I lie down in bed, am I fit to die? 8th, to labour to do and suffer the whole will of God; 9th, to cure my over-anxiety by casting myself on God in Christ.—*H. More.*

WILLIE RAND'S NEW-YEAR'S CALL.

"RING, ring," went the door-bell in a wood-coloured cottage on one of the bye-streets of the city, on one New-Year's morning—no, not the door-bell, for there was no bell on the door—but "thump, thump," went Willie Rand's hand upon the door of old Mr. Brown's rustic dwelling on New-Year's morning. This was the first New-Year's call made in that neighbourhood.

Old Mr. Brown, as he was called in the neighbourhood, felt his way to the door, and laid his kind hand upon little Willie's head. He was blind. Years had passed since he had seen the light of the sun. In the summer and autumn he stood at the corner of the street and solicited public charity. But the winter winds and storms were too much for him, and so, with his stinted allowance, he had turned into his humble home for winter quarters. Look at the picture presented there upon this New-Year's morning. An old man, more than sixty years of age, and a little flaxen-haired boy of only nine winters. His hand rests upon the uncovered head of the boy; Willie has a basket on his arm, filled to the brim, over which is spread a clean napkin. He is looking up into Mr. Brown's sightless eyes, and is ready to speak. Would this not make a beautiful picture?

"My name is Willie Rand," said the boy. "You do not know me, but I know you very well. I have come to make you a New-Year's call, and I have brought along a basket of things, which you will please accept as my 'Happy New-Year.'"

And then Willie placed in Mr. Brown's hand the handle of this new basket, which he directed him to carry into the kitchen. He carried it to his little grand-daughter who removed the napkin, and there was Willie's "happy New-Year," indeed! A pair of fine fat chickens, two loaves of fresh white new bread, a nice roll of butter, and several other articles of less value. When Katy told her grandpa what was in the basket the tears moistened his sightless lids, and he stooped down and kissed the dear little boy who made his heart so happy.

"My dear little man," he said, "may the Good Shepherd keep you safely in his fold."

Willie ran home with a heart over-

flowing with joy. He had heard of the blind man, who was said to be in want, and greatly desired to relieve him. And so he obtained permission for his mother to do as he liked with his money. His brother, two years older, had laid out his in skates. Was our little Willie remembered that New-Year's morn? Certainly he was. A kind gentleman who heard the story of Willie's New-Year's call from the lips of little Katy, sent him a most beautiful pair of skates, all strapped, and ready for use, and while Willie was trying them on the ice in the back-yard, old Mr. Brown was enjoying a very fine New-Year's dinner.

HOW TO KEEP THE PEACE.

Do justly. Give no cause for enmity and revenge. Injure no one, by word or deed. Render to all their due.

Do nothing. This rule comes into use after the quarrel has begun. It puts a speedy end to it. "Where no wood is the fire goeth out." A "masterly inactivity" is the right course in some cases; for it requires two to keep up a dispute.

Do good. If inactivity fails, try a positive treatment. If letting your enemy alone does not appease him, attack him with kindness. Undermine his hostility. Pour an incessant volley of good works upon him. A Gibraltar of pride or vengeance must strike its colours at last, to such an assault.

Confess your own fault. There is blame commonly on both sides. Acknowledge your share. Do not try to put the other party wholly in the wrong. Go as far in confession as the truth will warrant. It will call out a confession from your opponent.

Think of your enemy's death. Death is a peacemaker. He terminated disputes that long defied diplomacy and armies. How many law-suits has he settled! How many foes has he reconciled! He makes the tongue silent. He takes the pen, dipped in gall, out of the writer's fingers. He stops the press. He awakens a feeling of compassion. There is a reaction. The foe that you could not live with becomes a model of honour and uprightness now he is dead. Extravagant eulogy takes the place of extravagant abuse. Think of these things while your adversary is alive. Better do him justice now, than after his death.

THE NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

FORTH pealed the merry chimes afar
 Across the blood-stain'd plain,
 And back the hoarse-voiced shriek of war
 Those echoes drove again.
 The warrior dropped his reeking blade,
 Looked half around in fear,
 For on the zephyr's pinions played
 The Hymn of the New Year.

Dropped now his proud and towering crest,
 The swarthy cheek grew pale,
 And on his broad, quick-heaving chest
 Rose fast the plaited mail,
 The gauntlet lost its iron grasp,
 The firm true nerve was gone.
 No more his hand the hilt could clasp
 As swelled the peaceful tone.

That iron heart went back to times
 When round home's roof-tree fell
 The music of those holy chimes,
 That now with weird-like spell
 Engirt, deep-pierced, unmanned his soul,
 Made him a child once more,
 Brought back, despite his stern control,
 The well-loved days of yore.

He saw the table-circle met,
 Each loved familiar face,
 And then—oh! was it filled e'en yet?—
 His own accustomed place.
 He heard the well-known accents speak
 His fondly uttered name,
 And—but fast down the rugged cheek
 The coursing tear-drops came.

He bared his brow, he knelt, and raised
 His mailèd hand above;
 And tenderly those stern eyes gazed
 As if on things of love.
 Oh! earnest was that reverent prayer,
 Affection gave it birth,
 And yet its simple holy care
 But blessed the loved of earth.

He started, grasped again his brand,
 Resumed his lordly mien;
 Quick marked his ear that clanging band
 Now pressing on the scene.
 "Advance!" he cried, his keen blade flashed
 The foremost in that throng,
 Lance bore on helm, sword with sword clashed,
 The strong were matched with strong.

Ha! see yon guns! They're levelled now—
 Where rears that warrior form!
 Out gleams their awful glow
 Like lightning 'mid the storm!—
 He's safe!—His crest still lifts its plume
 In proud defiant power,
 Though myriad havoc's fires consume,
 He's guarded in this hour.

Yet now why moves he from thick fight
 To meet yon black-plumed chief?
 Oh! angels, guard the gallant knight,
 Haste! send your kind relief!

Their blades are crossed, their passes fierce
 Their purpose dire betray:
 If now one thrust that heart should pierce
 Lost is the glorious day!

He's down! no! yet he surely lives!
 And still unscathed by wound!
 That last stern stroke his casque receives,
 Else had he bit the ground.
 See now he presses on his foe!
 The hostile brand is gone—
 Shivered by that last well-dealt blow—
 Thank God—the fight is won!

Yet now may mercy touch his heart,
 For 'neath his foot there lies
 That foeman with still dauntless heart,
 And hard, unwinking eyes.
 He gazes on the ruthless steel
 That ne'er yet quarter gave—
 No pity now that knight can feel,
 Much less his foeman crave.

He raised his arm, his red blade flashed,
 Life's last dark hour seemed near—
 And must that proud, stern heart be gashed
 That ne'er recoiled in fear?
 An instant gleamed the sword in air,
 A sunbeam kissed the brand,
 And its soft ray so pure and fair
 Seemed like a mercy wand.

And was it that sweet light which brought
 Such change upon that brow,
 As that which—as by magic wrought—
 Seemed hallowing it now?
 The softest glance that ever broke
 From maiden's nut-brown eyes,
 Is only equalled by that look
 Before which hatred dies.

To earth his vengeful sword-point fell,
 The grin-knit brow unbent—
 To human face ne'er seemed so well
 Soft mercy's beauty lent.
 He raised his armèd foot that pressed
 Still on his prostrate foe,
 A brief convulsion shook his breast—
 Death's deed he must forego.

Yes; thus they came, those holy chimes,
 Disarming with their spell
 A heart they bore to other times,
 And times loved all so well.
 That New Year's strain around him stole,
 As if from realms above—
 A whisper o'er his lofty soul
 Which memory breathed to love.

"Arise! I dare not do thee harm
 While peals that heaven-struck bell;
 Forgive this wild and reckless arm,
 My foeman brave, farewell!"
 He bowed his head, and onward passed,
 And, borne upon his ear,
 Came, echoing o'er the rising blast,
 The Hymn of the New Year.

Dunmurry, Ireland.

T. H. M. S.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

FIFTY YEARS' GAINS.—"Probably one-third of the intelligent people of the Northern States are Unitarian or Universalist to-day. Give Liberal Christianity the men and means and agencies for the work, and it would evangelise the world."—*New York Paper.*

VERY RITUAL.—A Buddhist praying-machine was exhibited at the Paris Exposition. It is a little square box, with a handle on one side, to be turned when the worshipper wishes to offer a prayer. It will offer up a hundred and twenty prayers a day, is noiseless, and will never get out of order.

TRUTH was deeply venerated by the Athenians, Euripides, the great tragic poet having introduced this sentence into one of his plays: "I swore with my mouth but not with my heart," a great tumult arose among the audience while it was performing, and they would not rest satisfied till the poet had been publicly tried for corrupting the morals of his countrymen.

A HABIT OF PRAYER A BRIDLE.—Some bad boys tried to persuade a good little boy to play truant. "No, no, I cannot," said he. "Why, now, why?" they asked. "Why?" answered the boy. "Because if I do, I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to night." "Oh! well," they said, "in that case, you had better not go." Bad boys expect of boys better brought up than themselves better things than they can practise. But you see what a bridle the habit of prayer puts on a little child.—*Child's Delight.*

VANITY REBUKED.—Crosus, king of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendour of apparel and royal ornaments, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he, to the Grecian sage, a "spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer; "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our court-yard, nor a cock on our dunghill, that does not surpass you in glory!"

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHAUNCEY.—Dr. Charles Chauncey, famous as a clergyman a hundred years ago, was told while on his way to his weekly lecture that a boy had just been drowned in the frog pond on the common, and the good doctor was requested to improve the sad event in his prayer and remarks. The announcement had so unfavourable an effect upon the doctor's presence of mind that he was entirely unable to get any nearer the subject in his prayer, after repeated efforts, than to pray that the Lord would bless all the little boys that had been drowned in the frog pond that day. There was no lack of talent or ability in this man, but his presence of mind was unable to stand the test of a sudden pressure. So great was the doctor's dislike for sensational preaching that he was accustomed to pray that he might not be eloquent—a prayer which was answered.

THE LONDON UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

—The report of the Sunday School Association, just issued, gives us the following facts in relation to the schools connected with them, namely:—Average number of children in attendance, in the morning, 661; in the afternoon, 1191. Number of teachers, 263. This is an increase over last year of children in the morning, 72; of children in the afternoon, 34; of teachers, 24. This increase is in part caused by the schools of two congregations new since last year, one at Mile-end and the other at Walworth. The number of Sunday schools last year was 14 and is now 16. This report certainly shows very little zeal for education on the part of the congregations.

CLOTHING THE NECK.—The clothing about the neck should be very moderate in quantity and worn so loose as to prevent the slightest compression. The great errors frequently committed in clothing this part of the body consist in wearing such an amount as to overheat and weaken the throat, and thus render it easily susceptible to cold, and in wearing it so tight as to retard the circulation of the blood to and from the head. Great care should be exercised upon this point, as the arteries and veins leading from the heart to the brain are situated so near the surface in the neck that a slight compression there serves to check the flow of the blood. Many cases of congestion of the brain and headache are partially or wholly caused by too tight collars and cravats.

BOYS, BE BOYS.—Keep your boy a boy whilst he is a boy; a well-behaved, polite boy; a manly boy; a courageous self-reliant boy; no milk-sop boy tied to his mother's skirts, but still a boy, not a weaking fop, a precocious snob, a concealed monkey, aping the airs and acquiring the habits of grown-up dandies and fast characters. Don't make a self-indulgent small gentleman of him. Teach him to wait upon and take care of himself, and to respect his inferiors and treat them courteously and kindly. Pray save him from the absurdity of a cane and kid gloves, and garments that are not suitable for downright hearty play. It may be pretty and aristocratic and a sign of your opulence to dress him up in the height of fashion; but in so doing you run the risk of spoiling him for any robust and useful living.

THE following are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, post free:—

1 copy	per year	2s. 6d.
2 copies	"	4 0
5 copies	"	6 0

Above this number at the same rate.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 27, Grosvenor Park South, Camberwell, S., and all Business Letters to EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and Published by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand.